

When He Looked Up

by DaughterofWisegirl

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Summary: Adrien emerges from his oblivious bubble to find the shy girl who sits behind him in class. He discovers something about her he wouldn't ever expect. I'm terrible at summaries, I'm pretty sure it's better than it sounds.. Reveal fic, some angst, we'll see about fluff. Marichat, adriennette, ladynoir, ladrien. Rating is T because I'm paranoid, Mild swearing.

1. Chapter 1

****Hey there! (Kinda) New writer here! First ML story so we'll see how that goes. Let me know what you think! ****

****Disclaimer: NOT MINE. The characters belong to Zagtoons and Hawkdaddy (Astruc)****

Bzzzt bzzzzt. A text seems to vibrate the entirety of my room, I hit my head during the patrol last night, resulting in the worst headache I've had in ages. Lazily I reach for the criminal who dared wake me up at this hour. Alya, what a surprise (Note the heavy sarcasm). I take a peek at my screen, the bright light a jarring ray of sun in the peaceful darkness of my room.

Alya: I know it's early girl, (I check the time 4.30 ughhhh) but you gotta get up to see this!

Alya: Image file. Download?

I groan, what could it possibly be that requires my early wake up? Dejectedly I tap on the grey camera button.

Annnndddd suddenly I'm up. The gaudy image of an akumatized villain fills my screen. Gently I shake my tiny kwami awake. "Tikki, gotta wake up!" She rubs her big bug eyes tiredly, "What is it, you usually aren't up this early!"

"Tikki, spots on!" I whisper yell and the lovable fuzzball is sucked up into my earrings. In a flash of brilliant pink and white I transform, no longer everyday girl Marinette, but the brilliant super hero Ladybug! I rush out of the trapdoor onto my patio, surveying the rooftops for an explosion, smoke, ice, something to give me an idea of where that pesky, sleep-robbing akuma might be. But, I don't see anything, or more strangely, hear anything. If there's one thing I know about the city of love, it's never silent. This morning was just too quiet.

I spot movement in the Louvre, carefully making my way towards the large courtyard, Alya is filming towards the monument of our city. She waves to me and points towards the top of the tower. Chat is battling it out with the so far unnamed villain, I swing over on my yoyo, making a perfect landing behind the akuma. Chat's ears perk up, his eyes recognizing me instantly. He mouths something at me, probably some atrocious pun. What a shame!..

For the first time that morning I hear a voice. It's echoey and loud. Ringing throughout the entirety of Paris and rattling my already throbbing brain.

"Ladybug! How kind of you to join us! I am the Audiophile, I was unheard by everyone, ignoring me, pretending they couldn't hear me, now I will be the only one heard in all of Paris! She aimed her, megaphone? At me and shoots. My throat numbs up, like my larynx was given laxatives. I try to make a witty comeback, but no sound escapes my mouth. I see Chat facepalm behind me, the bullhorn must be where the akuma is hiding. I gesture to it and make a movement like I'm snapping a stick over my knee. Did he get it? He nods excitedly and springs forward, propelling himself on his chrome baton.

I throw my yoyo into the air, hopefully Chat can buy me some time to figure out this lucky charm. A red and black spotted banana falls into my hands. I stare incredulously at it. WHAT THE HECK AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS? The world is now flushed in grayscale colors. The ground behind Audiophile flashes red and black, then a bar above Chat's head blinks in the same familiar colors. Got it. I throw my yoyo towards the beam and let it wrap around a couple times, quickly eating the banana I launch myself towards the beam. Once I'm on top I drop the peel just behind her. Fighting Chat, she stumbles backwards, slipping on the peel. I swing down and take the bullhorn, throwing it to the ground. It didn't break? I look at Chat worriedly, he turns to me and summons his power, black dark matter swirling around his fist. He quickly attacks the megaphone, the device rusting and crumbling underneath his touch. The akuma wriggles out of the ash, I open my yoyo and capture it, cleanse it of the dark powers Hawkmoth infused within it. Poor little creature. As the white bug flies away I sigh, "Bye bye butterfly." A little bit surprised at the words escaping my mouth.

Chat stalks up next to me playing with his tail, "I must say, it's nice to hear your voice again My Lady." He has the nerve to smirk at me after that terrible pun. I hear my miraculous beep, Tikki warning me of my limited time. I lift my fist to his for our post-fight ritual, "Pound it!" we cry in unison.

"Until next time Kitty." I walk past, swaying my hips a little, It's only fair if I get a little revenge. I flick his bell and dive off of the building. I'm going to regret that later, I know I will. As I

swung away I knew his eyes followed me.

By the time I get to my house I am already running late for school, thankfully I wear pretty much the exact same outfit everyday, so it isn't hard to get dressed quickly. I run downstairs give my parents a quick hug, down some Ibuprofen, take a pastry, and bolt off to school. I should get there just in time for first period.

Exhausted I take my seat next to Alya. "Did you get the picture I sent you?" she asks me excitedly.

"Huh? Oh yeah! Yeah I did." I manage to sputter whilst catching my breath.

"It was so cool! First Chat showed up, and I got really worried cause it was a full 15 to 30 minutes until Ladybug came to help." She rambles on for a bit but I tune out. Thirty minutes? Chat held it off for thirty minutes, I feel terrible, maybe I'll call him tonight.

"Marinette?" a voice pulls me out of my thoughts, who said that? Alya, Nino maybe?

"Huh? sorry I was just thinking" I look around to find Adrien's adorable questioning face, his head cocked to the side like a curious cat. Well shoot. Those forest green eyes feel like they were digging straight through my soul. Crap he asked me a question didn't he? "S-sorry could, could you repeat t-th-that?" I stutter, why can't I put a sentence together while talking to him? Ugh.

"I was just asking if I could borrow a pencil, I kinda spaced this morning and left my pencil case at home." He scratches the back of his neck nervously while doing so.

"O-oh yeah, here!" I dig around in my bag looking for my pouch, "where is it?" I mumble.

"Here Marinette!" Tikki passes me the pouch.

"Thanks Tikki!" I blow her a little kiss and bring the pouch up above the desk. "Go ahead and just take your pick. There's some charcoal pencils in there, so it might be a bit messy!" In all honesty I'm not paying attention to him in the slightest. I see something white fluttering near the window. A butterfly maybe? My face pales. The akuma, it was purified. Why didn't it return to Hawkmoth? My breath hitches in my throat. Oh no, it hadn't been purified all the way, the corner of the wing is still dark. How could I have missed that?

Apparently Chloe saw it too. "Eeeeeek! Madame there's a-a BUG!" She flips out. I look around for a jar or something, I have to solve this without the aid of my yoyo. There!

"Hey Adrien, can I have this water bottle? Thanks!" I grab the bottle and leap across the room, trapping the little papillon in it. I hold the container up to my eyes to examine the butterfly, it's not an akuma. that's embarrassing. I lean into my hip a little, "I hope it's no longer bothering you, Chloe." I open up a window and let the little moth out of it's pyrex jail. Out of habit I mumble, "Bye bye little butterfly"

Quickly I sit back down in my chair trying not to trip while everyone's attention was on me. Alya grins and gives me a huge thumbs up, "Girl that was awesome! Why'd you do that though? It was funny watching Chloe freak out like that."

I have to think of a lie and fast. "If madame got to it, it would be squished, and I didn't want that to happen. I figured it was best if I just let it out the window." I shrug, oping to lok the slightest bit convincing. Adrien, who had settled for a Chat Noir pencil, (what, I can be a fan of my partner,) is sitting there, wide eyed, mouth agape, and quickly turns away. Well that was weirdâ€¦

2. Chapter 2

****I planned ahead :) Here's Chapter 2!****

****Disclaimer: See Ch.1****

The next few class periods were painfully slow, I chatted with Alya for a bit, did my homework, and strangely whenever I looked up towards the board Adrien's eye caught mine, and he'd turn away all flustered. I wonder why he was looking back in the first place.

Lunch period is here! No more physics!

"Finally.." I utter as the bell sounds through the school.

"So, what happened between you and Adrien?" Alya questions in a sing-song manner, eyebrows perked in her "interested reporter" expression.

"What are you talking about?" I'm sincerely confused. Something happened?

"He couldn't keep his eyes off of you all morning!" Wait, what. Is that what all that eye contact was about?

I stop in my tracks and turn towards her, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, he's finally starting to notice you! Nino owes me 20 euros.."

"YOU BET ON ME?!"

"Of course, that's what friends are for!" She gives me a cheeky grin.

"Glad to know I can be of financial aid to youâ€¦" I grumble jokingly.

Adrien is across the lunch area walking briskly alongside Nino, who's asking him questions about as rapid fire as Alya trying to get an interview with my alter ego. Poor guy, I wonder why Nino's on his case. Wait, he still has my pencil! Should I ask for it back? No, if I do that I'll trip or stutter and embarrass myself. I really like that pencil thoughâ€¦ oh well.

A high-pitched, ear-shattering scream wreaks havoc upon my almost healed mind. What is it now? A massive caterpillar inches it's way from the direction of the library. Ducking into an alley, I separate myself from Alya, take on the outfit of red spandex, and go off to fight a colossal worm.

"Pound it!" A relatively easy fight for Chat and I, probably record speeds, but Chat seems lethargic and isn't as confident in his motions, he's probably exhausted from this morning.

"Chat, I'm sorry I wasn't there sooner this morning." I apologize, pleased to get it off of my chest.

"Don't worry My Lady, I had it paw-ll under control." He grins to himself, content with his choice in puns. But his face falls, "will you be patrolling tonight?" he asks, rather serious this time which sounds odd escaping his lips.

"Yeah, there's been an awful lot of akuma traffic lately. It's probably smart to go out tonight." Today was supposed to be his patrol night, but it's smart to have both of us out just in case. It's an honest answer but I just want an excuse to talk with him, ask him what the matter is.

If it was even possible, my last few classes went even slower than the first. I was anxious and jittery for tonight's patrol, there was definitely something up with Chat and I'm worried about him. On the worried note, there was also something up with Adrien, I couldn't place my thumb on it, but he was so spacey today in all his favorite classes, classes that he's usually so intent on the lesson, he'll miss notes Nino sends him across the desk, today, he didn't miss one. I hope they aren't sick or hurt or something.

It's 21.00 now. Our patrol time. I'm standing on the roof of City Hall, and I feel Chat's presence behind me. "How's your side of the city?" He asks in a low voice.

"All is calm, a nice change if you ask me." I chuckle a little bit.

"My side is purrrfectly peaceful." He's not as invested in his pun.

"Are you okay Chat?" He seems taken aback, he wasn't expecting me to comment on his well-being I guess. I'm usually all about business.

His ears droop (What are those made of anyways?!) "I'm fine I guess, just, working through some new information. I uncovered a secret I wasn't supposed to know, and I don't know what I should do about it." He's honest, he's loyal, if I wasn't so obsessed with Adrien there might've been a place for Chat in my life other than partner, and friend.

"I don't know how to help, Chat, I'm sorry. If I were you, I'd tell the person the secret belongs to, I'd be honest." I'm at a loss for words. Poor Chat was so concerned with this person's well being he was taking a hit to himself. Unsure of what to do, I reach my arms out and give Chat a genuine, caring hug. He tenses up at first but relaxes, and eases into it, placing his head in the crook of my neck,

his fluffy hair tickling at the side of my face. His body is shaking, and I realize he's crying silent tears. I rub small circles on his back, hoping to calm him down. Whoever did this to him, broke him, they were going to pay.

His sobs turned to chuckles, and then to full out laughing. For the umpteenth time today, I am confused. "What's so funny?"

"They're going to pay huh?" the tears on his face now are accompanied with laughter this time.

I groan inwardly "Did I say that part out loud?" a blush splashing over my cheeks.

"Sure did, Bugaboo, but I don't think you can do anything about it, Princess." What. WHAT. My head snaps around suddenly very serious.

"What did you just say?" I ask.

"I said Princess, Princess. I know it's you Marinette." His eyes looked directly into mine filled with remorse.

"H-how did you figure it out?" I'm trembling, my secret was found out. My biggest, most important, end all secret.

"During class today. You caught that butterfly, and when you released it, 'bye, bye little butterfly?' that's your catch phrase. All day I thought, no it's a coincidence, Marinette is just a nice person trying to save a helpless butterfly. But the similarities kept adding up, the pigtails, the ribbons, the freckles. I met your eye, I knew it was you. Only one person in all of Paris has eyes so blue." I gasp. Chat is, in my class? But who? He unzips his pocket and pulls out- my pencil? Oh my god...Adrien. He was acting all weird today, and according to Alya he kept staring at me. Adrien is the punning fanatic. Adrien is the huge flirt who loves Ladybug. Adrien is Chat Noir. I kissed Adrien?! I am the reason they both hurt today. I stumble backwards. Adrien is Chat. Chat is Adrien. The mantra chanting louder and louder in my head.

"I'm sorry, Chaton." I whisper, and I race back to my balcony, to cry, to scream, to smile. Who knows, maybe all at once.

3. Chapter 3

****Chapter 3, special for you! ****

****Enjoy! review or PM to tell me what you think!****

I know three things, my secret is out, I know he'll keep it to himself, and Adrien is Chat.

I don't know why I just left him there, no explanation. I feel even worse now.

"Oh Tikki, what am I supposed to do?"

"You could always call him you know," she calls from her drawer-turned-custom-apartment in my desk.

Oh yeah, I can text him. Not even just as Chat but as Adrien too. I turn to my phone, previously neglected, on my dresser. 5 missed calls, 2 from Alya, 1 from Maman, and 2 from Adrien. 7 new messages. All from Adrien.

Adrien: You just ran off, did I do something wrong?

Adrien: You apologized, what for?

Adrien: Did you at least get home okay?

Adrien: Mari, please text back, I'm scared you're not okay

Adrien: You have five minutes to text back before I come check myself, mad at me or not, I'll take the wrath.

Adrien: Come outside please

My breath catches and I look out at my balcony, Chat is sitting there, waiting expectantly. I open up the hatch and crawl out onto the balcony, steeling myself for what was to come.

When he spots me he lets his transformation out, a small kwami pops up at his side.

"Hi kid, I'm Plagg, I'm tired, do you have cheese?" Adrien reaches into his pocket and tosses a bag of cheese to the little floating kitty cat.

"Leave us alone for a sec, will ya?" He pleads.

"Hey Plagg, Tikki is inside, please feel free to join her." Despite having my crush standing in front of me, and my emotions all out of whack, I'm determined to be a decent host.

"Sorry about that," he smiles sheepishly. "My kwami doesn't exactly have the best manners."

My resolve crumbles, I can't manage to conjure any words, I'm just standing there, staring at him. Finally noticing the similarities, the hair, the eyes, the little head tilt. It all seems so obvious now.

After what seems like a century of silence he speaks, "Listen, Marinette, I'm sorry, whatever I did wrong, I'll make up for it." He apologizes, his eyes geared to his shifting feet.

I feel my own facial features soften, "Silly kitty, you did nothing wrong." Hey, look at that, WORDS. I let myself continue, unsure of what I'll say next. "I just needed a second to process is all," He cuts me off.

"Are you disappointed that it's me? That I'm Chat?" He asks, fear brimming in his bloodshot eyes. I'm shocked, he was worried about my reaction just as much as I was worried about his.

"No! No, Adrien, I'm beyond thrilled it's you. I felt guilty, falling for Chat when I was already smitten with Adrien. I'm just sorry you're stuck with regular old Marinette." His eyes quickly loose

their skitterish and fearful expression and morph into, anger?

"Regular old Marinette? Princess, you're amazing. You're a leader, you're a brilliant baker, your designs are protege level already and you haven't even properly studied under anyone yet, you're smart, and bold. Don't you ever say you're 'just regular' You're extraordinary." He rants spitefully, ending his speech with an incredulous tone. "Wait, repeat what you said before that?"

"I said I was estatic it was you especially because I felt so guil-" My voice trails off and my eyes widen in realization of what I had said. I feel myself burning up, and I can't bring myself to meet his eye. I feel him take a step forward and wrap his arms around me putting his head on top of my own. He shifts a little so he's looking directly into my eyes.

"Do you know what I said after I first met you as Chat, My Lady?" I try to recall our fist fight, against Stoneheart, quite some time ago. I can't remember much. He continues, "I said to my kwami, 'Plagg, I don't care who's under the mask, I love that girl.' And I will say, I almost took my word back, when I thought that Chloe might be Ladybug. But, right now, I mean those words more than ever." I gasp a little bit. Me, Adrien loves me? No, he loves Ladybug. I push him away a little bit, seperating us, but remaining in his warm embrace.

"You can't say that to me, Adrien." He looks confused and sad. "Not yet. You don't even know me that well."

He perks up, "So let me get to know you, and you can get to know me. Please, give me a chance, Mari."

This time I do break away, "Friends?" Friends first right?

"Of course." He doesn't break eye contact.

"I feel bad keeping us outside, it's chilly, would you like to come in?" I suddenly realize how cold it is out here without his body heat to keep me warm.

He thinks for a second, "You know I should be getting home, I think I'll just get Plagg and head to bed. Thanks though!"

My heart lurches, crap, I didn't clean all of his pictures out of my room! "A-actually, why don't I, go g-get Plagg?" I run off before he has the chance to stop me. Wait, he's been in my room as Chat before. Which means he's seen the pictures. No no no no nooooo. Well, he obviously knows about my little obsession then! To be discussed later I'm sure.

"Hey Tikki, I need to get Plagg, it's time for him to go." I pull open her drawer to find them lounging on the little make shift couch. "Plagg, Adrien is waiting for you out on the porch." He grumbles something under his breath and gives Tikki a quick hug. He zips past my ear and out to the balcony. I follow with Tikki hovering just above my shoulder.

"Plagg, Claws out!" He exclaims, and in a bath of green/white light my partner stands replacing Adrien. "Until tomorrow, My Lady." He

kneels and lays a chaste kiss on my finger tips before I can think to pull away. And just as fast as he arrived, he's gone.

Sorry, there's some spelling and grammar errors.

4. Chapter 4

****Heyyyyy! Guess what? UPDATE! I was going to write this earlier today, but (as I write this, probs not the update day) it's my birthday so, I was a little preoccupied. A little bit of information and then we'll get to the story. Sorry folks, I don't update regularly, I'm a highschool kid with advanced classes, after school sports, private lessons, and tutoring. So I try to update as often as possible, but please no flames if it's a little while between chapters. I will update with information on a hiatus or semi-hiatus if it comes to that (I hope not). If you have any questions, ideas, or comments, you can review, PM me, or you can come join me on tumblr, meg-j-music, I'd love to talk with you guys. For the (Last I checked) 5 of you that reviewed, thank you soooooo much for your supportive words! And for all of my readers, thanks for sticking with the story! I wasn't confident in how well this story would work, and there are quite a few grammar/spelling errors, I know, I'm sorry, I'm a science major, not an English guru. ****

****DISCLAIMER: All characters, as of yet, belong to Thomas Astruc (Hawkdaddy) and Zagtoons. Anything you recognize, I don't own. ****

****Without further ado, chapter 4!****

****_DOW****

Beeep Beeeep Beeeep. I slam my hand down on the clock, which lay across my desk. "I donwanna get upâ€¦!" I mumble, pulling my fluffy feather pillow over my head. Ahhhh sweet, quiet darkness.

"Get up Marinette! You're going to be late for school!" Tikki prattles in my ear. She huffs and floats over to the side of the bed, yanks on the pillow a little bit, and finally succeeds in ripping it off.

"The light! It burns! My eyes are going to melt from their sockets!" I shriek dramatically, earning a giggle from my little red companion. I sigh, here we go, school again, at the very least I'll get to see Adri- oh. I remember the events of last night. Chat Noir, my partner, my friend, Adrien, my sweet crush and classmate, the same person, as revealed to my unexpecting eyes last night, when he pointed out my crucial mistake in class. A wave of nausea passes over me. How do I act around him? My normal stuttery mess? or the confident charismatic heroine? Everything just got so complicated. There's no time to ponder it now, I'm going to be late. Quickly, I change into the familiar floral shirt and pink jeans, pull my hair into it's usual pigtails, make sure Tikki is tucked safely in my purse, with extra cookies, and sprint to the kitchen, hoping to grab some breakfast from maman.

She hands me a brown bag, supposedly holding my morning meal, "You're running late Mari, so I packed a croissant for you with some fruits. Have a nice day!" I hug her, take the bag, and dash out the door,

school is only a couple blocks away, how is it that I'm always so late? (A/N I don't know Mari, maybe if your alarm was set a little earlier you wouldn't have this problem)

I race up the front steps and spill through the yard doors, speeding across the lunch grounds so fast even Kim would be impressed. The bell rings right as I slip into my seat, slightly out of breath, and a little red faced.

"If you were a second later, Madame Busier may have had your head. Did you check my blog this morning?" Alya pipes up beside me. She knows I didn't have time to check her blog, so she continues with a little rant about the patrol last night. "Yeah, so apparently, someone witnessed Ladybug and Chat get into some sort of fight. According to the source, the both looked really upset. Do you think they'll be okay? Do you think they'll still fight together to save Paris from those akumas?" She asks me, all too interview like, it's not strange coming from her, I've grown to love her curious nature despite how detrimental it can be to mission success sometimes.

"I don't know Alya, I think they'll be fine, I mean all friends fight every now and then right? Besides, they'd have no choice but to keep protecting Paris, I just have a feeling their dynamic may be different." I raise the volume a little bit, hoping that Adrien will hear this and say something. I know he's listening, I can see him peeking back now and again. "Maybe Chat will stop pursuing Ladybug so fiercely."

He spins around, "Chat will never stop, he loves Ladybug, so why would he hold back his feelings for her?" He obviously is invested in the topic.

"But he doesn't even really know Ladybug beyond her fighting skills right? So why is he smitten as a kitten?" I bite back, hoping to get an answer from him. Madame address the class, shucks, maybe during lunch.

I feel something poke at my arm, a note, from Alya of course. 'What was that? talking to Adrien without even stuttering? Spill girl.' I should've seen this coming. 'I was just passionate about the subject I guess.' I slide the note back to her discreetly and look to the board, we're learning about trigonometry right now. It's pretty interesting, all the different laws, and theorems. The people that came up with these must've been super geniuses. I feel the note tap at my arm again, 'okay fine, don't tell me. I'll find out myself one of these days. ;P' I think to myself, I don't doubt that.

Physics comes to a close with an overview on the main forces. In all honesty, none of this makes sense to me. We're let out early, (thank you monsieur), so we're allowed to mingle the classroom and chat with our friends. I turn to talk to Alya, but I find she's pre-occupied chewing Nino out for putting explicit songs on his playlist. I don't envy him right now. Chuckling, I pull a sketchbook from my pack. Just as I'm preparing to start, a shadow blocks the light from my paper. I look up to find, Adrien. "Oh, h-hey!" I squeak, surprised by his sudden appearance by my desk.

"Hey!" he lowers his voice, "I thought about what you said yesterday, and I was thinking, do you want to go get lunch? I- I mean, only if you want to, it's just you said you wanted us to get to know each

other better, and I thought, hey, we could talk over lunch, if that's okay with you, that is, I mean-" I cut him off there, the goof was turning into a stuttering puddle of attractive goo.

"Lunch would be lovely." I managed to keep a steady tone and smile up at him. Marinette: 1, Adrien: 0. "I know a nice cafe down the street, do you care if we walk a little ways?"

"No, no walking is fine." He seems to have recomposed himself. "Right this way m'lady." He leads towards the door, I follow in suit, "Why, thank you, good sir." And we exit, unaware of Alya and Nino, jaws on the floor, watching us as we stroll side by side off campus.

**So a little bit shorter, like I said, busy busy. It's like midnight and I'm supposed to be asleep, oops. From here on out, chapters are probably going to be around this length. If it's still up and running by the time summer break rolls around, lengths will increase and updates will be more frequent. **

**Yup, really happy to be writing again, and thankful for the amazing support y'all have offered! **

**Tell me what you think, ask questions, make comments, all are welcome :) **

~DOW

ps. if you're looking for more mlb fics, comics, art, or cosplay, my blog is full of it!

5. Chapter 5

Hey there! So, this story took off with some pretty impressive popularity, THANK YOU ALL SOOOOOO MUCH. I'm home sick today, so I'm able to write and get this up relatively quickly. :)

I think it's best to acknowledge people who help you with your writing, so some shout outs:

My best friend: For reading every chapter, getting the idea started, and being completely supportive 3

Hatsune Miyu: Hope you've resolidified cause here's the next one!

Serulium: Thank you for reading! If you've got any alya/nino ideas, my ears are ready to listen!

MiraculousLadybugfan995: More cuteness coming right up!

Neoxistatehuaki: Hablo poco Espa ol, pero comprendo su revista.  Gracias para leyendo mi historia!

Veena: Thanks for reading! Enjoy :3

**Tiger Priestess and Cherryflowerblossoms: Thanks for reading and supporting since day one! **

****And finally a huge shout out to thelastpilot because her writing inspired me to write my own fics again. (I don't know if you'll ever read this, but thank you so much!) ****

****Thanks all of you for encouraging this story to continue!****

****DISCLAIMER: All characters belong to Astruc and Zagtoons. Anything you recognize, I don't own. ****

****A few of you asked about Adrien's POV, I didn't plan on including it, but I think it would be fun. So I present to you wonderful humons, Adrien's Chapter 5! ****

****~DOW****

Adrien's POV (In case you didn't read the author's note)

"Right this way, M'lady." I beckon to Ladybug, no, Marinette. I don't worry about mixing up my nicknames anymore. How fitting it is that my Lady, is also my Princess. I know she doesn't believe me when I say I love her as much as I loved Ladybug, so this is my chance to prove it to her. She stalks out of the room like a cat, prancing delicately.

"S-so, this Ca-Cafe, it's ca-called 'Las Estrellas,' it's got p-p-pretty good coffee, but I a-admire the art more. It's this super creative style of impressionism, a lot like Van Gogh's actually, but they used their hands instead of brushes. They use these colors that you wouldn't think belong together, but when you see them on the walls and ceiling and- sorry, I'm rambling." She blushes shyly.

I scratch my neck, "No, no please go on, you're cute when you talk about art." My eyes widen. "Well, uh, what I mean is you're cute all the time, not just right now, just, right now you got all passionate about it, not that you're not always passionate, you, just, I-" Pull yourself together man! You're Adrien Agreste! Fashion icon and composed model not blushy, stuttery lovestruck idiot. Okay, lovestruck idiot, yes. But not those other things.

She giggles, "Thanks, Kitty. Here, I'll lead the way." She takes my hand, SHE TAKES MY HAND?! my heart jumps a little in my chest, now more in my throat than my rib cage. She drags me behind her down the street a little ways, before realizing what she had done. "S-sorry, I just got a-a little excited."

"It's fine Mari, I don't mind, you can hold my hand anytime." I throw in a wink. There's the Chat confidence I was missing. Hook, line, and now sinker, I lace my fingers in between hers. "Now, where exactly are we going?" She says nothing, just stares at our hands all bug-eyed. Cute. I wave a hand in front of her face. "Earth to Mari, come in Mari."

Visibly shaking her head, she stutters, "T-three s-s-s-shops d-down." Oh there it is, I take the lead this time, swinging our arms as we walk. I break away from her, and my hand is suddenly very, very cold as I open the door and present to her with a cheesy little bow, "here purrrincess, let me get that for you." She rolls her eyes at my pun knowingly, but smiles none-the-less and enters the dimly lit restaurant.

She's right of course, it's a quaint little room with orange-yellow lamp shades, a sitting area with some scattered furniture around a tiled fireplace, and a few booths line the sides of the area leading to an order counter. The walls are painted in beautiful strokes of warm and cool colors, contrasting and balancing so nicely. The room seems to sigh a relaxing breath each time I myself let air out of my lungs. "Starry night," I whisper.

She nods, pacing to the back of the cafe, and greeting the owner. "Bonjour madame, one cappuccino, and one espresso please." While I'm wondering how she knew which drink I was going to order, she doesn't look back to see the grin making its way across my face.

"I thought you didn't like puns Mari?!" I feign hurt, "Here, at least let me pay for our drinks." I dig my wallet from my pocket, and pull out about 10 euros, placing them on the counter, "keep the change." I add, I like to tip local keep major corporations like my father's in check. I take our drinks and we sit in one of the booths. I can tell why Mari likes it here. It's warm and homely. I lean down and sip my espresso. It's hot, but the scorching liquid is welcome on my tongue, pulling me back to reality. I look up to find Marinette, flustered, cheeks red, and a slight pout on her lips. Which look utterly irresistible in the soft lighting. "A bit warm for you?" I ask politely.

"Yeah, but that's alright, gives us some time to talk I guess." She mutters, completely aware of her slight lisp from a burnt tongue.

"Oh, that's right. How about a game of 20 questions?" I ask, that's the best way to get to know someone.

"How about 7 questions, we don't want to be late for class." She laughs, when are we ever on time?

"First question: You want to go into fashion right? Are you considering interning for my father?" I know of her ambitions, my father is the number one fashion designer in the world. If she were to earn an internship from him, she couldn't refuse it.

"Oh my gosh, I would love to intern for your dad! It's just, I don't know if I'm good enough yet!" I'm gobsmacked to hear that from her. Not good enough?

"Mari, you've earned my father's respect as a designer. He drives a hard bargain. To say you're not good enough, that's as if you're saying you're some amateur! You have some of the best designs I've ever seen!" I rant wildly, my hands flying around while I speak. She needs to know how good she is!

"What do you want to do Adrien? Do you plan on modeling forever?" I don't know how to answer really, but I give it a shot.

"I don't want to model, but father, he insists I continue modeling his line for him. I don't really know what I want to do. I like physics I guess, maybe I'll become a scientist or something.

We continue swapping questions and stories for about fifteen minutes

before we have to get back for fourth period.

One thing is for certain. Nino, is going to kill me.

****Okay ladies, gentleman, and anybody else who may read this fic.**
That's it for chapter five! I promise chapters will get longer in a few months. Thanks for sticking around! Review or PM with any questions or comments. Or if you feel like it, join me on Tumblr, meg-j-music, I'd love to *chat* with you guys (ba dum tiss)! Question of the update: What do you want to do with your life? Let me know! Ladynoir fans, next chapter goes out to you. Ladrien and Marichat fans, more to come. :3 ******

****Have a great rest of your day! ****

****~DOW****

****p.s. mom!alya and dad!nino in next chap. It's gonna be fun!**

End
file.